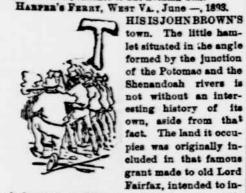


The Story of the Famous Raid at Harper's Ferry.

A FOOLHARDY ATTEMPT.

It Was the Result of Thirty Years of Plan ning-No One Believed It Would Succeed but Brown-What Influence It Had Upon the Civil War That So Soon Followed.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. HARPER'S FERRY, WEST VA., June -, 1893.



let situated in the angle formed by the junction of the Potomac and the Shenandoah rivers is not without an interesting history of its own, sside from that fact. The land it occupies was originally included in that famous grant made to old Lord Fairfax, intended to in-

elude all the territory not held by prior title lying in the "Northern Neck," which, in other words, meant all the lands situate between the Rappahannock and the Potomac rivers. This princely estate kept the Fairfax family "land poor" for several generations and afforded George Washington his first employment as a surveyor, near the middle of the last century.

It was the information gathered and stored in Washington's practical mind while making these surveys that led to the establishment here of the first government armory soon after the close of the war for independence. He it was also who first suggested the work which in the early part of the present century crystallized into shape under the name of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, which passes the town, skirting the northern bank of the Potomac from George-town to Cumberland, and which was in its day, regarded as a masterpiece of internal improve The little town was also a favorite place of

resort for Jefferson during his lifetime, and the tradition goes that he wrote a large portion of his "Notes on Virginia" while seated upon a cliff overhanging the Shenanhoah river, which stone bears the name of "Jefferson's rock" till this day. The view from this point looking eastwardly to where the two rivers with their united volumes break their way through the mighty walls of the Blue Ridge is one of the grandest on the continent, and Jefferson declared that the sight would amply repay the trouble of a voyage across the Atlantic ocean. importance during the war between the states,

Virginia. It was captured and recaptured several times by the opposing forces. JOHN BROWN'S ADVENT. But it is emphatically John Brown's town, and will be through all future history.

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, But his soul is marching on." The famous "raid" of October, 1859, and the tragic sequel enacted forty days later at the neighboring county seat of Charlestown, overshadows all else of its history or tradition.

Who was John Brown? What did he do, and why? what was he hanged on December 2.

How many intelligent readers of the present day could state what particular crime that old manacled and wounded prisoner was charged with when placed upon trial by the great commonwealth of Virginia, and afterward led forth to death, all within little more than one month from the commission of the offense?

The story runs thus: On the Fourth of July, 1859, an old man of austere manners and ven-

erable appearance made his advent at the little village of Sandy Hook, on the Maryland side of the Potemac river, about one mile from the town of Harper's Ferry. He was accom-



JOHN BROWN. panied by his two sons and another follower The leader of the party gave his name as Smith, and they represented themselves to the community as stock dealers and mineral prospectors, doing business under the name of "I.

After stopping a short time at Sandy Hook, which lies upon the eastern side of the moun-tain known as Maryland Heights, they removed to a place known as the "Kennedy Farm," some four or five miles away upon the opposite side of the mountain. They made a favorable impression upon all those with whom they came in contact, and there is no evidence that any one in the neighborhood ever suspected them of being other than they repre-sented themselves. This is most remarkable when we consider that during the course of the summer their numbers were augmented to about twenty, and that they were engaged in what is in some respects the most remarkable conspiracy of modern times.

THE VENERABLE "ISAAC SMITH."

For the venerable "Isaac Smith," with his flowing beard, his simple and childlike manners and his stern piety, was none other than old "Osawatomie" John Brown, late of Kansas. Such a feat would be impossible in the present day of the telegraph and the illustrated news-paper press. But they took every precaution to guard their secret. In all his correspondence from the Kennedy farm Brown used the name of Smith, even signing that name to his letters to his family at North Elba, in New York state. As a further precaution all his correspondence was mailed and received through the post office at Chambersburg, Pa. Letters to him were addressed to "I. Smith & Sons," under cover to John Henrie of that town.

Here also he caused to be sent the 200 Sharpe's rifles and the like number of Colt's revolvers which he had managed to secure through the agency of his Massachusetts friends. A thousand "pikes" manufactured for him by a blacksmith in Collinsville, Conn., were also shipped to the same point. These, during the course of the summer, were transported by slow degrees from Chambersburg to the Kennedy farm and were stored at the latter place, without exciting undue notice from the easygoing Maryland neighbors.

What was the object of these men? They intended to incite the slaves to insurrection. They intended to establish and maintain a spe cies of guerrilla warfare, keeping their headquarters in the mountains which extend south-westwardly through the southern states. It was the most foothardy enterprise ever undertaken by mortal man; but it had been the dream of John Brown's life. From his earliest manhood he had hated slavery with every fiber

OLD JOHN BROWN. years he had brooded over his scheme. While in business in Ohio and afterward in Massachusetts he had worked hard and lived Massachusetts he had worked hard and lived frugally that he might acquire means for this purpose. He visited England to introduce American wools and traveled to continental battlefields to study the art of war. His experience in Kansas was but an incident. His foray into Missouri, where he seized a parcel of slaves and excerted them to Canada, was but an experiment. The expedition of 1850 are the an experiment. The expedition of 1859 was the crystallization of thirty years of planning, scheming, hoping, brooding. It is a remarkable fact that not another living soul believed in the feasibility of his scheme as he actually attempted to carry it out. This is true, both of the men who furnished him the money for expenses and of those who went with him te expenses and of those who went with him to the

death.
On February 22, 1858, he had first disclosed his plans at length to F. B. Sanborn, Edwin Morton and Gerrit Smith at the house of the latter in Peterboro', N. Y. They attempted to dissuade him, but nothing could shake the purpose of the old Puritan. Every argument was met with the text of Scripture: "If God be for the care he against a 20". us who can be against us?" Smith and San-born consulted apart, when the former said: "You see how it is; our dear old friend has made up his mind to this course and cannot be turned from it. We cannot give him up to die

alone; we must support him."

Fred Douglass, in an interview with Brown later, in Chambersburg, warned him that he was going into the jaws of a steel trap. The men who gathered with Brown at the Kennedy farm probably joined his fortunes without knowing the full extent and details of his plans. When these were disclosed they opposed, to a man, the assault upon Harper's Ferry. Again the magnetism of the old man's wonderful will prevailed, and to a man they followed him into the jaws of the "trap." THE HISTORIC BAID.

The historic "raid" occurred on the night of Sunday, October 16, 1859. About 10 o'clock of that night they approached the town from the Maryland side, captured the watchman who guarded the bridge and took possession of the armory, situated upon the bank of the Potomac river. From here a part of their men were sent to occupy the rifle factory, which formed another part of the government plant, situated a half mile distant upon the Shenandoah river. Another party of the invaders was sent a few miles into the country where they captured the country, where they captured Col. Washington and some other prominent citizens and brought them and their slaves to the armory, where the masters were held as prisoners, and perhaps some attempt was made to transform the negroes into freemen by

historic pikes which had been prepared for that express purpose. All that night they held possession of the town.

They cut the telegraph wires and detained the lo'clock east-bound train. The latter was finally allowed to proceed, the "captain" himself escorting the engineer across the bridge to assure him there was no danger. Heywood Shepherd, a free man of color, approached the bridge, and, failing to halt when ordered to do so, was shot, and died the next day in great agony. Daylight came, and the town was in an unrear. The armory employee and other resi proar. The armory employes and other resi-ents of the place were seized and imprisoned as fast as they came within reach of the in-

About 7 o'clock Mr. Thomas Boerly, a citizen pression the place, was shot, and soon after died. The and when breakfast time came they proposed to release him if the proprietor of the hotel would furnish their party with breakfast. After was done. Early in the day the citizens of the place, having recovered from their surprise, armed themselves in such manner as they could and set about an active and systematic opposifested, and within a short time the men who had taken possession of that establishment were driven into the Shenandoah river, where they all perished by shooting or drowning, except one. By 12 o'clock the remainder of the invaders, under the command of Brown himself. had been surrounded upon all sides in their po-

sition at the armory.

Up to this time Brown had evidently believed From the London Daily News. that the prisoners he had secured would serve A German contemporary states that a very as hostages for the security of himself and peculiar patient is at present under treatment followers, and would secure to them the means of safe retreat whenever he desired to adopt came apparent as soon as he attempted to put it some 250 fruit stones. Having finished this ex

HIS FATAL MISTAKE. That was his fatal mistake. He was now within the trap and the jaws were closed. But there was no thought of surrender. The be- From the Boston Transcript. sieged immediately pierced the walls of the engine house with loopholes, from which they were considered as of so little value that the fired upon every armed man who came within their vision. Some eight or ten of the citizens were wounded, more or less dangerously, and George Turner and Fountain Beckham, two velopment of the cranberry industry has modihighly respected citizens, were killed. All day the fight was kept up. During all the night of speculating on the possibility of finding other the 17th the siege of the engine house continued. The most horrible particulars of that bloody The most horrible particulars of that bloody day are detailed by the local chronicles. The death of Fountain Beckham so enraged the citizens that they at once set upon one of the invaders whom they had captured and were holding as a prisoner, dragged him to the bridge and shot him to death. His body fell into the river, where it was visible for days after the awful tragedy. Another one of the after the awful tragedy. Another one of the raiders escaped from the armory and attempted to wade the shallow Potomac above the town. He was seen by the citizens, and when they man. As in Holland, France and Florida they have been by the citizens, and these seen by the citizens, and when they man. As in Holland, France and Florida they fired upon him he fell upon a rock and threw up his hands in token of surrender. One of his sailants thereupon waded out to where he was gestions here made.

lying and deliberately shot him to death.

Meanwhile, during the night of the 17th,
Col. Robert E. Lee of the United States army, and who was afterward the confederate general had arrived from Washington with a force of marines. Early on the morning of the 18th he sent Lieut. J. E. B. Stuart, who afterward also the right cheek, turn to him the other." became a famous confederate general, to de-mand the surrender of the invaders. One of the local stories has it that Lieut. Stuart was the first to discover their identity.

When admitted to their presence under a flag of truce he exclaimed to the leader: "Why, ain't you old Osawatomie Brown of Kansas, whom I once had there as a prisoner? "Yes," was the answer, "but you did not

keep me."
The officer urged him to surrender, but he declined, saying: "I prefer to die here."

The officer withdrew and the marines at once assaulted the place. They battered in the door of the engine house with a ladder, and within a few moments had captured the inmates. The invasion of Virginia was over and the cherished scheme of Brown's life had come to naught. He himself lay severely wounded, while one of his sons was dead and another was dying. Most of his followers were killed, a few escaped and the remainder were, like himself, prisoners in the hands of the marines. So ended the first act in the tragedy. The second follows swiftly and was equally remarkable in its char

The prisoners were removed to the jail at Charlestown, the county seat of Jefferson county, and on the 25th day of October were put upon their trial under indictment charging them with treason, murder and inciting slaves to insurrection. Of course their conviction was a foregone conclusion. They were speedily found guilty, and on the 2d day of November Brown was sentenced to be hanged on the 2d of

It was in many respects a most remarkable trial. Capital cases have been exceedingly few in the history of our country where trial and conviction have followed so quickly upon the commission of the offense. Within a fortnight from the time when Brown had struck what he beheved to be a righteous blow against what he felt to be the greatest sin of the age he was a condemned felon, with only thirty days between his life and the hangman's noose.

During his trial he was brought into court

of his intense being. He believed that slavery was a crime; that slave owners were criminals, and that he was justifiable in assaulting the peculiar "institution" by force if it could room, the judge not requiring him to stand umbrella so the wind we not otherwise be abolished. For thirty during the eading of the long indictment. He It's the last I've got."

refused the counsel assigned him by the court in the beginning of the trial and was defended later in the proceedings by George H. Hoyt, esq., of Massachusetts and perhaps others. He frequently aroused from his pallet to protest against the proceedings and refused em-phatically to avail himself of the plea of

When called upon by the court to say why When called upon by the court to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him he replied: "In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder or treason or the destruction of property or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion or to make

insurrection. This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God.

"I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have al-ways freely admitted I have done—in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong but, right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfert my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enact-ments—I submit; so let it be done."

THE EXECUTION. The third act of the tragedy swiftly followed. No appeal was prayed to the supreme court of the state, notwithstanding it is and has long been the practice to take such appeal in all capital cases, even where the proof is evident and the conclusion foregone, as in this case. It is done as a mere act of humanity in the prisoner's behalf. It is probable that in this case the defendant did not desire it. The tenor of his declarations during the trial and the following thirty days would seem to indicate that he regarded the whole proceedings as a mere formality, about the result of which there could be but one conclusion.

It is more than likely that before his execution Brown came to believe the control of the cont

tion Brown came to believe that his death upon the scaffold would do more to advance his scheme than would have resulted from the most unqualified success of his carefully brooded campaign of guerrilla warfare. It is doubtful if he would have walked out had the door of his cell been left open during the latter half of those swiftly flying thirty days. He refused religious consolation from the clergymen who visited him on account of their sympathy with the institution of slavery, and on the 2d day of December sympathy, and on the 2d day of distress without offering his help." December, surrounded by a large body of armed troops, went unfalteringly to his death. His fellow-prisoners were executed later. Of course these events created the wildest excitement throughout the country, but it will always be impossible to form a definite estimate as to what influence they actually exerted in precipitating the civil war which so soon followed. THE EFFECTS OF THE BAID.

One eminent abolitionist looking down into Brown's grave on that bleak December day of the funeral at North Elba said, "He has abolished slavery." Thoreau, Theodore Parker and R. W. Emerson lauded him as a saint, while Wendell Phillips declared that "the lesson of the hour is insurrection." The slave holders saw in the movement the crystalized fruition of the abolition crusade. How much was behind this visible entering wedge they were un-able to judge. Looked at from the impartial standpoint of today the Brown invasion would seem to be a mere episode—a leaf floating upon the swift current of events. The conflict was "irrepressible." It would have come had John Brown never lived. But would it have come without the idea of which he was the exponent? Many relies of the famous "raid" are shown by the resident. by the residents. One citizen of Charlestown, the son of Brown's jailor, is the owner of the Bible which belonged to the old abolitionist, which the latter presented to the father just before the execution. It is a cheap volume, such as sold in that day for 25 cents, and shows such as sold in that day for 20 cents, and shows that many passages were marked by Brown in the course of his reading. He seems to have par-ticularly dwelt upon those parts of the Old Testament which in any manner denounce op-

relics in and around Harper's Ferry. It is estimated that enough of these have been sold as genuine to supply a large army. These were the weapons with which Brown expected to arm the untutored negroes that were expected to flock to his standard. Another enterprising citizen shows with considerable pride the identical cook stove which served the culinary needs of the party during their sojourn at the Kennedy farm. The old engine house known so long as "John Brown's Fort" has been sold to some Chicago parties, who have torn it down and removed it bodily to that city as a nucleus for a "John Brown" exhibit during the period of the world's fair.

MILTON T. ADKINS.

An Extraordinary Diet.

at the Augusburg State Hospital. A man, aged forty, had set himself the task of swallowing ation. He thereupon selected nine of tracrdinary meal, he experienced excruciating his most prominent prisoners, and with them pain. While under treatment on the first day and the remainder of his men retreated into the engine house situated in the armory yard. removing 200 hazlenut stones. The man had taken all this trouble to place his life in jeopardy for a wager of five shillings.

Marsh Lands Made Valuable. more a man owned of them the poorer he was profitable uses for the marshes and meadows. High scientific authority has declared that most have accomplished brilliant results with similar lands, there is nothing fantastic in the sug-

What Was He to Do.

Sunday-School teacher-"You should not fight, Tommy. If thine enemy smite thee on Tommy Smathers-"He gimme a jab on both cheeks, an' I didn't have no more to turn

A Mistake.

Miss Poke-"There's that bridal couple.



umbrella so the wind won't blow out this match.

AN EXPRESS IDYLL.

CENE, YORK STA-The south express, known commonly as

He-"There-3:05! Safe to be alone as far as Grantham. I think I may smoke." (Takes out cigarette case and lights up. Suddenly the

carriage door is thrown open.)

Guard (frantically)—"In with you, miss—
train is moving! All right!" (to engine driver.
Whistles.)

She (falling into her place like a bundle of old clothes)—"Ah!" (hysterically) "Oh what a cushions! old clothes)—"Ah!" (hysterically.) "Oh, what a fool I've been!" [Bursts into a paroxysm of

ture tearing at her hat, which she throws off, as though it hurt her)—"Oh, the cur! To think I should have believed in him, trusted him The coward! the cur!

He (mentally)—"There's a him in it, then.
A bad lot, too, I take it, to have ill-used so sweet a 'her.' Clear skin, nice face, and what eyes! The tears improved them, I think."

[Their eyes meet.] "Hope you do not mind" (aloud, with an almost imperceptible wave of the cigarette)

She (absently) — "Mind what? You? (abruptly.) Not in the least!" He (meekly)-"I meant the smoke. I never presumed to think you would object to me or my presence here. Besides, it's not my fault, quite. I'd leave the carriage if I could." She—"Oh, I'm sure I don't care! Why should I care—for anything? I'm far too miserable."
[A fierce sob.]
He (seriously)—"I am sorry for you. You

man—no gentleman—could see a lady in such distress without offering his help." She (gratefully, but with fresh tears)—"You are very good, very kind, but if you would thoughts....."
He—"They cannot be pleasant thoughts, I'm

sure. Far better look at the papers. Will you have 'Punch' or this week's World' They're "She-"I could not see to read them, you."

He—"Then let me talk to you." [Rises and moves a seat nearer.]

She—"No, no; you must not talk to me! I don't know who you are. I've never seen you; never met you before."

He—"Let me introduce myself then. My name is Fitz-Hugh."
She—"That's not enough. Some one else must introduce you."

He (raising his hand to the communicator)—
"Shall I stop the train and get the guard to introduce me? He knows me."
She (laughing, inspite of herself)—"No, please.
That would make us both look ridiculous. I will accept the inevitable. I know some Fitz-Hughs [a pause]—but I don't like them." He—"A bad lookout for me! Hope they're no relations of mine. What part of the country?"
She—"Oh, near us; near—. But I have

hardly met them; only I hear such things about

them from my guardian; it is he who is always abusing them. They are such disagreeable neighbors, he says: the mother gives herself such airs, and the sons are so stuck up."

He—"That must be painful for them. Are
there many of them, and are they all like that?" She-"Three or four are. I don't know about he eldest; I've never seen him at all. No one but he's always away, shooting or traveling oelieve."

very sorry to resemble him. And I don't think I'm at all stuck up. So your guardian hates the Fitz-Hughs? Perhaps it is a little She-"I dare say. He's horrid! I can't bear He-"Won't let you do foolish things, per-She-(blushes crimson)-"What do you

He-"What a curious person! I should be

He-"You've just been doing something oolish, haven't you? I don't want to presume-I would not force your confide he world-but, you know, confession is good She (still scarlet)-"I certainly shall tell you nothing. I wonder how you dare ask. You

are taking a very great liberty. I think you are acceedingly rude. He—"No—indeed no! Nothing was further from my intentions. I only thought that I may be able to help you. I should be so glad to be of use. I mean it. Won't you trust me?" She-"Oh, I can't! I can't talk of it! think-[breaks and sobs outright]-I think I He (soothingly, tenderly)—"You poor, dear child! What is it, then? What has vexed you? Don't cry. Come and tell me all about it you'll be ever so much better then. What did She (quickly, looking up at him through her She (quickly, looking up at him through her tears)—"He? How do you know? Were you part. True lovers always hold each other's at Scarborough? I never told you about Capt. hands. Didn't Capt. Bell ever do it? Lucky at Scarborough? I never told you about Capt.

He-"Yet, I know, Of course I was certain there must be a he; what else would make a little woman cry? But he's not worth it, I assure you. Treat him with the contempt he deserves. He's a low snob." She-"How do you know that? Where have you met him?" He-"I never met him all my life, and yet I know exactly what he has done. I consider him an utter cad, and I hate him!"

She—"Why, what has he done to you?" He—"Nothing to me. It's what he's done to you. He has treated you most infamously! I know that." She-"I never told you so."

He-"You said-well, you implied something of the sort-at any rate I can make a shrewd guess. Shall I tell you what I think occurred?" She—"You may talk any nonsense you please." He—"It is not so bad to talk as to act nonensically. But listen. Is this right? You met Capt. Bell at Scarborough, he paid you great attention, you fancied yourself in love with him—don't interrupt me, please. Then he humbugged you into believing that he was desperately in love with you, and he persuaded you to meet him at York station, so that you night run away. Shall I go on?" She (with hanging head, her ungloved fore-

following the pattern of her cloth skirt) -"I cannot prevent vou." -"But you'd rather not hear? I am not such a brute, I hope, as to insist. I only wanted to show you that I knew what I was talking about and to prove the interest I take in you."
She (shyly)—"You are very good, I am sure.
I don't understand why you should be so kind. ou are a perfect stranger --- "

you? At any rate I don't know you." She (stammering and in great confusion)—
"Dear, dear, how stupid I've been. You are not annoyed, I hope? But you see I could not know, could I? And—and——"

He—"I did not lear. He-"Your nearest neighbor at home, Lord

She-"Oh, I could not, really! It's quite He-"Pleasant company, perhaps? Or have

ferent?" He—"Because—you will not be very angry, you for all that time."

He—"I have so right; I make no claim to it, but I shall do it all the same, and before we get to Grantham. After that I will change carriages and I will not inflict myself on you further, if you so wish. But now you must, you shall, listen to me."

She (coloring, but with a brave, rather angry voice)—"Is this generous, Lord Fitz-Hugh? Is it gentlemanlike?"

Be (in a grave, solemn voice)—"It is my duty

it gentlemanlike?"

Re (in a grave, solemn voice)—"It is my duty "The Flying Scotchman," is at the platform

gentleman, young, well born, well-to-day these are indicated by his bright, handsome say no more. It's too cruel."

He—"You might have made a most terrible, You might have made a most terrible, toolishly put

irreparable mistake. You rashly, foolishly put yourself, all you possess, all you hold most dear, entirely at the mercy of a selfish, designing scoundrel." She (looking at him bravely, but with tearful

He (quite concerned)-"I had no idea. I am tears].

He (mentally, interested at once)—"My word! so sorry. I have gone too far—but never mind.

Don't think of it again; I will make it all right,

[Now the train begins to slacken speed, and just as it runs in at Grantham platform she re-covers herself].

She (faintly)—"Where am I? What has hap-

She (faintly)—"Where am I? What has nappened? [Then finding her hand in his, draws it quickly away.] Oh, Lord Fitz-Hugh, how wicked, how unfair!"

He (much confused)—"I thought you had fainted. I did not know what to do. Let me get you something—a cup of hot tea." [Jumps hastily from the carriage, which is nearly the last of the train and runs up the platform to last of the train, and runs up the platform to the refreshment room.]
One Railway Official (to another)—"That"

them; you may take your oath."

The Other—"Sure enough. Why, I saw him kissing of her, right opposite the window, as bold as brass, just when the train ran in."

First Official—"Best call Mr. Perks; I'll stay by the compartment." Second Official-"An' I'll watch my gentle

[Lord Fitz-Hugh returns, followed by a page Lord Fiz-Hugh returns, followed by a page boy, with tea, fruit, cakes]. Lord F. (entering the carriage)—"Here, hand it all over—pay with that and keep the rest. What do you want? You can't come in here (to a station superintendent in uniform). This ompartment is engaged. We wish to be alone.

Mr. Perks (coolly, and rather insolently) "That is why I am coming in."
Lord F. (haughtily)—"We'll soon see about that. Call the station—."
Mr. P.—"The station master himself gave m

my orders. I am to travel up to London with this young lady and her—her—her (at a loss)—that don't matter much. The officers of the court shall settle that when we get to King's Cross. So make way, please, or you'll both be [The train moves on. Lord F. looks in utter take this man, Frederick," &c. amazement at Miss Brignolles, who by this time has quite recovered. She is drinking her tea with great relish, her face most demure, but a

merry twinkle in her face most demure, but a merry twinkle in her eyes.]

Miss B. (looking up suddenly and meeting his bewildered gaze)—"I'm afraid it's rather serious. The court won't be trified with—"

Mr. Perks—"As you'll find."

Lord F. (turning on him hotly)—"Look here, leave us alone, or I'll pitch you out of the window. You've no station master now at your back. (To Miss Brignolles, in a whisper)

window. You've no station master now at your back. (To Mies Brignolles, in a whisper). What does it all mean? What court?"
Miss B. (also whispering)—"The court of chancery. I'm a ward."
Mr. Perks—"Whispering ain't allowed."
Lord F. (suddenly bursting into a good-humored laugh)—"Come, come, my good fellow, let's make friends. Ishan't have another chance, you know. I suppose that"!!

chance, you know. I suppose they'll separate us at King's Cross." Mr. Perks (jauntily)-"No fear. You'll find attendants, a couple of em, who wil give you every assistance—to Holloway gaol." Lord F. (who has taken out his purse)-"You're married. I thought so. Do you ber when you were courting? Ah! Do a friendly thing. Well, then, let us have our talk

Mr. Perks (grinning and fingering the five-pound note)—"I can't find it inmy heart to say no. A real pair of turtle doves."

Lord F.—"You know I shall be shut up for ever so long. I may not see my sweetheart again for months. Miss B. (protesting sotto voce)-"You are

getting on too fast, Lord Fitz"—
Lord F. (in a quick whisper)—"Hush, hush!
Not that name, please, or you'll spoil all. I am
playing a part—that of Captain Bell. I don't
know his Christian name, but call me Freddie, dearest Freddie, if you don't mind. (Aside) shall not. And you must let me call you-Em meline, isn't it?-or my love, my own darling love, my sweetest pet, just to keep up the pre-Miss B. (with a heightened color, but laugh-

ing)—"You must have played the part before, Lord—Frederick, I mean—it comes so pat." Lord F .- "But you must play it, too-we must pretend-(mentally)-hanged if there's much pretense on my part—pretend that we are in love with each other." Miss B. (with a coquettish shake of her

head)-"Oh, I couldn't really! It would be really too absurd, and altogether too difficult."

Lord F.—"Not for me." [Tries to take her hand, but she resists.] "I assure you it's in the dog, how I wish I were he; that is, if you still care for him." Miss B. (emphatically)—"I don't. I never did, I believe: only he was so persevering, and I thought him better—less hateful, I mean—

than the other.' Lord F. (deeply interested)—"There was some one else, eh? Tell me all about it. It will be a relief, perhaps. At any rate it will help you o pass away the time-prevent you from feeling bored. Miss B .- "I'm not easily bored: but I will

tell you, if you like. It was my guardian's son, Archie Quibble, a lawyer like his father—not nice at all-like his father in that, too. They and him down with them at Scarborough, and did all they could to bring us together. I saw it directly; but I couldn't bear him." "Lord F .- "An eye to the main chance—the Quibbles, Miss B.—"They wanted me to engage myself but keep it quiet till after I was twenty-one-next year. And they bothered me so I fell

back on Capt. Bell. He was very kind and I thought I liked him—and what was I to do? seemed to be quite friendless."

Lord F.—"You don't feel like that now hope?" [Looking at her earnestly and again taking her hand, this time without opposition, although presently she withdraws it.] "Have I offended you? I should be sorry to do that. I want you to look upon me as a friend-as yo very best friend. Do you believe that? I will prove it yet."

Miss B. (dropping her eyes after one eloquent glance at his)—"I think you are very kind to me, too kind, kinder than I deserve, Lord Lord F.-"Freddy, please. You needn't He—"Don't be too sure of that. I know you, and have known you—at any rate of you—all your life, Miss—Brignolles."

Miss B.—"Something horrid. What does it She (starts and blushes deeply)—"Who are

again."
Lord F.—"You will have to hear the name of She—"Oh, I could not, really! It's quite impossible. You see, I, I—I have not come to any decided opinion; it's far too soon. I hardly know you at all. Why, we have not been together, in this carriage I mean, more than five or ten minutes."

Lord F.—"It won t nurt me, my user than I have gone through far worse. A night in gao!—I shall have a bed—is luxury to what I ve endured on the prairies or in the desert or on the African veidt. Besides, even if it is far worse, it is necessary, indispensable. It is

far worse, it is necessary, indispensable.

He (taking out his watch)—"One hour and three-quarters, Miss Brignolles, that's all."

She—"I could not have believed it. The time has positively flown."

The time has positively flown."

I could be the court and before the world."

Miss B. (in a frightened, timid voice)—"How?

What do you mean? What shall you do?"

Total F — "Go to fail like a lamb—as Captain Lord F .- "Go to jail like a lamb-as Captain I no claim to that compliment? Anyway, I'm afraid—we have just a quarter of an hour before we reach Grantham—you won't enjoy ship will read me a severe lecture, and, still as ship will read me a severe lecture, and, still as that last quarter of an hour so much as the Captain Bell, sentence me to six months, a year, Miss B.—"That is the awful part of it, and I—

I hope—I am going to read you a lecture; to speak to you very seriously. Don't frown; what I am going to sav is entirely for your good. I am going to take you to task."

She (stiffly)—"By what right, Lord Fitz—Hugh, do you presume to interfere in my affairs?"

You for all that time."

Lord F.—"And you would be sorry for that, wouldn't you? Well, I can promise you shail in the judge's face and point out the mistake he has made. They'll soon let me go, you may depend. Even if they were inclined to be disagreeable, and the judge might say—"

Toots—"I was as a life."

I hope—I am going to read you a lecture; to wouldn't you? Well, I can promise you shail in the judge's face and point out the mistake he has made. They'll soon let me go, you may depend. Even if they were inclined to be disagreeable, and the judge might say—"

Miss B. (anxiously)—"Whyt?"
Lord F.—"That the whole thing was planned;
that Captain Bell was a man of straw; that you came really to meet me at York station."
Miss B. (blushing crimson)—"Oh, Lord Fitz-

Lord F.—"Freddy, if you please. Why are you so shocked? Would it be very much against the grain if I tried to supplant Captain Bell? What would you say to me if I asked

himself.

Miss B.—''Oh, oh, you mustn't—''
Mr. Perks (gruffly, becoming very official)—
"Come, drop that; 'tain't in the contract. Besides, we're just running into King's Cross.
Maybe the lord chancellor himself's on the platform. What would he say if he caught you

[The train glides slowly in; porters accom pany it, running alongside; there is a crowd expectant, caps and carriages in the distance and some excitement.]

Mr. Perks—"You'll just keep your places,

please, while I make my report."

[Leaves carriage, which he locks behind him.
and stands there till he is joined by a small He (mentally, interested at once)—"My word!
Here's a rum go! Poor dear, how she sobs!"

[Examines her attentively.] "Quite the little lady, too; good fit. Wish I could see her face!"

She (raising her head and with a quick gesture tearing at her hat, which she throws off. if he resists. You have your warrant."
Lord F.—"Mr. Quibble, I think?"

Old Gentleman—"Lord Fitz-Hugh!"
Lord F.—"At your service. The young lady—let me hand her over to you; my duty is done. I have escorted her safely to town. And these gentlemen-friends of yours? What do

Who dares to interfere with me? Stand aside. Good-day. Mr. Perks; I will represent your service to the directors. Au revoir, Miss Brignolles. I shall de myself the pleasure of calling on you tomorrow at—"

Miss B.—"Mr. Quibble's, at Bryanston square. Come early and goally leaking to Mr. Market Mr. Quibble of the pleasure of college of the pleasure of the pleasure

Come early and (gaily looking at Mr. Quibble) stay to lunch.

Mr. Q. (hesitatingly)—"Oh, I should be delighted, honored, but my wife is out of town, and all my establishment. I fear it will be

and all my establishment. I lear it was bearing possible—"

Lord F.—"Never mind; don't apologize. I'll take her out to lunch instead. We'll ask the vice chancellor. He shall do propriety. Goodbye. I see my brougham over there."

[Exit. after shaking hands warmly with Miss Brignolles, leaving Mr. Quibble, Perks and the tipstaves looking at each other in breathless, speechless, hopeless amazement, while Miss Brignolles laughs aloud in childish glee.]

Brignolles laughs aloud in childish glee.]

of whatever rank he may be.

The nearest approach to the French universal conscription is to be seen in Germany, but even there the absolute equality of men before the law is far from holding good. Promotion from the ranks is almost unknown; the rich, who can afford a university education for their sons and who can pay a sum of money to the government, exempt them from all serious soldiering. These young men pass a few weeks in barracks and afterward attend a specified time of drill, while they are allowed to lodge in

[After many more scenes, various as in every outside quarters and to follow their ordinary rior of St. George's, Hanover square; fashioncivil occupations in the university. This lasts, if I am not mistaken, for one year, after which able wedding in progress.]
Bishop of N.—"And wilt thou, Emmeline,

MUSIC DOES NOT SUBDUE

The Average Church Choir and Hence There is Trouble for the Minister.

From the Boston Advertiser.

A subject which has been repeatedly discussed at various ministerial gatherings in Boston is that of church music. When that topic is under discussion much is said about Gregoria.

Under the French law every man without exception serves in the army for at least one year. During that year he is merged entirely in the private soldier. His social rank, if he has one, is completely ignored; the officers who command him regard merely his efficiency and faithfulness to duty, and if any difference is made between a man of some education and the peasants around him it is in the direction of putting him into the Peloton d'Instruction—a species of school drill—where he may earn in six months or a year the grade of corporal, but ton is that of church music. When that topic is under discussion much is said about Gregorian, antiphonal, Anglican and other styles of music, but often very little indeed is said about place in which, on account of the extra duties the place involves, the life is harder in manual labor and very little indeed is said about of the church choirs. And vet it can hardly be denied that church choirs are often very important bodies in a certain way. Many a minister Peloton d'Instruction stands apart. It is held has spent more painful hours in considering merely during the hours which are otherwise questions relating to his church choir than he has devoted to his sermon during some unhappy period when there has been some trouble in his choir.

The thurs which are otherwise meetings of workingmen at night and of the magnet for a moment that a man of a richer class than his fellows necessarily belongs to it, or that men of such a class form the majority of its members.

He is a fuent, easy and practical speakers.

never known what it is to be confronted by an to eight eleves caperaux, and in a whole regiangry spirit of dissension in his choir, if indeed ment less than that number of gentlemen. there has ever been a clergyman of perience who can truthfully avow that so blissful an ignorance is his. Exactly why this ent from that obtaining in Germany. The should be so, who can say? Philosophers, from places in the reserve are given in part to retired of arrangements and floor marshal, leading the time of Socrates down to the present age of Herbert Spencer, have dared to grapple with knotty questions, but not one has dared even to attempt to solve the riddle which the church choir problem presents. There is good reason to believe that Xanthippe sang in one of the most fashionable temple choirs of her day, but the shy way in which Socrates avoids all refer- From the Scottish Leader. ence to the subject shows that he had a good deal of horse sense after all. Of course there are church choirs and church

choirs. Many get along year after year without a single "spat," and others are wrecked on the Scylla of a dispute with the pastor or the Charybdis of a quarrel among themselves be-fore the choir has been in existence a year. Personally the members of most church choirs are pleasing, intelligent, amiable and refined

AND YET RIVALRIES EXIST.

Perhaps there is, as some assert, a something in music that engenders rivalries. Else why should one soprano speak slightingly of another, who gets the lion's share of the "solos;" or why should the leading basso gaze with a poorly concealed sneer at the tenor, when the latter has reached a high note, after a breathless music is supposed to have a refining, softening and emollient effect rather than an enraging one; but from the time that Apollo and Marsyas one; but from the time that Apollo and Marsyas give her a hot gruel and put her to bed." had their little sangerfest the facts too often tend to create an opposite inference so far as ducted a shilling for his professional advice!

musicians are concerned. Perhaps if the Rev. Lamb Agnus of Weeping Canon, N. M., knew as much about church choirs as he does now he would not have attempted to start a male choir at that place. If it too much. He, however, would not take the reports of the Weeping Canon experiment less, and, as the woman refused to give him the are correct, Mr. Agnus had but recently left a theological school and had more enthusiasm knows, is infectious. The young woman in than practical knowledge, but there can be no than his intentions were the best. It doubt than his intentions were the best. It and the doctor triumphantly said: "Now, unwas said many times in Weeping Canon that the clergyman "meant well, but had no 'saba'."

I can highly recommend clergyman "meant well, but had no 'sabe." At all events, according to the generally credited accounts of the affair, Mr. Agnus set about forming a male choir soon after his arrival in Weeping Canon.

At his personal and urgent solicitation about every cowboy and miner in that part of Sierra county who could sing or who thought he could sing was taken in the choir on trial. The first few rehearsals were a source of many sleepless nights to Mr. Agnus, but matters finally progressed to such a stage that it was announced that a concert would be given by the choir on an evening in the early part of June. It was generally supposed that an influential and pop-ular individual who was known as "Chloride Jack" would be given the leading part, because of his remarkably powerful if not particularly sweet voice; but Weeping Canon was startled by the announcement that a young ranchman, Pompilio Peraltes, was to be the star of the evening. It was noticed that "Chloride" was absent from the rehearsals after that, and many of the older and wiser members of the choir at once resigned from the organization. A SHOTGUN OBLIGATO.

The concert was held on the evening as announced, but what the Weeping Canon Coyote, the local weekly, described as an "unfortunate misunderstanding" served to shorten the proanthems, which were vigorously applauded, Sr. Peraltes started in on a solo. He had barely finished a brief recitative when a double-barreled gun was thrust through one of the open windows and a heavy load of buckshot was dis-charged at the soloist. As the buckshot "scattered" to a great extent several persons in the audience were more severely injured than Sr. o whip out their six-shooters. A large portion others dropped quickly to the floor and crawled under the benches; some vivacious cowboy "shot out" the lights, and, to quote the Weeping Canon Coyote, "the scene that followed beggared description." About 9 o'clock that evening a young man in clerical garb bailed the Hermosa stage excit-edly and clambered in. His muddy and dis-

he has insisted upon purely congregational Mrs. Toots-"Aren't you ashamed to come

home in the condition you did last night, when pend. Even if they were inclined to be disagreeable, and the judge might say—"

I had callers, too?"

Toots—"I was as sober as an owl, madam."

Mrs. Toots—"As a boiled owl, you mean."

I had callers, too?"

That all is confusion. A majority of the electrons is agreed in wanting the army no larger, but the electrons are agreed in nothing elec.

The standard of the lectrons are agreed in nothing electrons.

The standard of the electrons are agreed in nothing electrons.

heveled attire was not such as the Rev. Lamb

Agnus usually wore, but he was the individual.

Weeping Canon Church, after a few weeks had

sed; but for several years since his return

REVENGE OF PATE. A Proof That Men Who Write Bad Verse

Always Come to Grief. "Here is a letter from a friend of mine in Kaneas," said a guest at a Detroit hotel the Men and Women Without other evening, as he held the epistle in his hand, "and it relates to a very serious circum-

known commonly as "The Flying Scotchman," is at the platform and on the point of starting.

He has taken his seat and is snugly ensconced and is snugl you suppose happened, or, rather, didn't hap

"How retribution?"

In the French Army.

time of drill, while they are allowed to lodge in

term they pass into the reserve as officers.
Under the French law every man withou

unambitious trooper outside.

It must not be inferred from this that the

men who have followed the Peloton d'Instruc-

of that time are competent to pass a special ex-

A Miserly, Eccentric Sect.

In the border counties stories are going the

round regarding the habits of a surgeon who

died the other day after practicing for the long

period of sixty-one years. Eccentric, close-

fisted, and with a reputation for odd sayings,

medicines he dispensed.

When he attended church he always left be-

had dislocated her jaw. He very soon put her

main as it is." Needless to say the money was

who might be due him on account to spin and

The German Election

In England or any other country with a par

liamentary government, after such a defeat,

case in Germany. With changes and differ-

ences the German kaiser is much what our

row will be a disagreeable interruption to a pro-

the election of the House of Representatives is overwhelmingly against his policy, as it was, for instance, in 1874 and in 1876.

ministers to get on without a majority in it.
For twenty-two years by various expedients the
ministers of the crown have held this majority.
For fourteen years, from 1871 to 1884, Prince
Bismarck held this majority by an alliance be-

government officers and men of rank mostly

and the national liberal and radical liberal paties—made up of the middle class vote all ov

Germany.

This alliance broke up when Bismarck turned anti-socialist and began in 1884 the repression of free public discussion in Germany. By making concessions to the Catholics and repealing the Folk laws he got a majority, made

peaning the Prissian conservative vote and the Catholic vote in Bavaria, the Rhine valley, Silesia and part of Poland. This gave a working majority in 1387 and 1890. This alliance

The reichstag has sufficient power, hower to make it extremely difficult for the baise

tween the Prussian conservatives.

the ministry which proposed the army bill

knit into stockings for him.

"It burned down and there was no insurance, answered one of the crowd.

"No, sir. It never rained one single night in all those three years, unless I happened to be away from home. If there were showers they'd pass away before bedtime. If I happened to be away it would pour all night. I got so mad about it that I went to bed in the daytime several times, and I pledge you my word if it didn't stop raining before I got fairly between the sheets!"

"And what about the letter?"

"It's from the man who hought my house."

"It's from the man who bought my house. He bought it because he wanted to hear the rain drops patter, and he says: "What in blazes

"Have you any theory about it?"
"Weil, yes, I have. I think its retribution.

He has occupied nearly every position or hor

these gentlemen—friends of yours? What do you want (to the tipstaves)?"

First Tipstaff—"We arrest you, Capt. Bell."

Mr. Quibble (hastily interposing)—"No, no; it's all a mistake. This is Lord Fitz-Hugh. Don't touch him; an action would lie for false imprisonment."

Lord F.—"So I should think (haughtily).

In the French Army.

He has occupied nearly every position or honor and trust in the labor organizations of Boston.

He served nearly two years as president of the Boston Central Labor Union when that body numbered in its affiliated bodies \$0,000 to \$5,000 organizations.

From the Contemporary Review.

Up to within a few weeks he was the president of the Building Trades Council, which is composed

Mr. Clinkard has traveled all over the New Eng and States in years gone by, organizing unless o



meetings of workingmen at night and

BUILDING TRADES COUNCIL OF BOSTON AND VICINISTS.

I became greatly alarmed, and on recomm tion of my wife, who had learned of the peculiar fore the elders went round with the ladle, and with his saving habits is said to have left £10.-000. The deceased used to pay 2s 6d a week for his room, and it is said he used to watch if any of his landlady's family coughed, so that he could say: "That bairn of yours has a cold; ung, which had also been troubling me, began to ung, which had also been troubling me, began to subside. I am now beginning on the third bottle and all the nervousness and dizziness is gone; my

> work and nervousness nothing is better to rest Yours truly, JOS. G. CLININAN

The only thing he was ever known to buy for it were some peas bannocks from a baker. As far as possible he kept the pony walking on the grass to save its shoes, and he had a keen eye for bits of horseshoes which might be lying on the roads, and which he got the blacksmith to weld together. He had a whip for his pony with a crook at one end. This he used to gather tufts of wool as he rode through the moors. The wool he put in his pocket, and when he had a quantity gave it to old women who might be due him on account to spin and the most practical and surery revulsive is REGOT.

would be expected to resign. This is not the case in Germany. With changes and difference in Germany. With changes and difference in Germany.

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a Vacation. Tired, Monotonous Expressions

LABOR'S CAUSE.

On Weary Faces. What One of the Leaders

in Boston Says. J. G. Clinkard of Building Trades Council.

Was Losing Sleep on Account of Nervous Strain.

Six o'clock-shops and offices pour out the crowds of workers. Who would imagine the buildings held so many? Tired, monotonous express

Heads of firms, clerks, shop girls, all end the day tired. It is evident from their anxious, worn en

this excessive activity, digestion becomes impaired, the sight of food distasteful, a wearied feeling creeps over the body, and the mind gets confused and despondent. "Why, I am the author of that old song entitled, 'Rain Drops on the Roof.' Wrote it when I was only fourteen years of age. I was Joseph G. Clinkard is a man well known to

He served nearly two years as president of the

army seen from within is the mixture of social of unions in the building trades and estimated to ranks. Now, this mixture, which might in have an amiliated membership of 15,000. He is a many societies be a source of weakness, may be carpenter by trade and has been president of Carsaid here to be one of the principal causes of penters Union, No. 88, and is now the business the recuperation of the country. It is, I be- agent of all the carpenters' unions in the city lieve, a unique experiment to lay the military law equally upon the shoulders of every citizen



Recently the Building Trades Council gave their first annual ball at Music Hall, at which were pros-The elevation to the grade of reserve officer is also proceeded with in a manner very differries. Mr. Clinkard was chairman of the cor

officers of the active army and in part to those grand march. His extra exertions to make this affair a spec tion for at least one year, and who at the end combined with the amount of energy put forth by him in his regular calling during the day brought him nearly to the verge of extreme nervous prostration. His condition and its result can best be described in his own words in the following letters

doing, working late nights and losing sleep, the the doctor dressed like a tramp and was widely strain on my nerves became so great that I was known over the borderland for his peculiar saffering with nervous prostration, to the extent habits. Cuffs and collars were unknown to him that I was losing my memory and had a peculiar and his ordinary garb consisted of a pair of trousers and an overcoat buttoned tightly at the throat. In his waistcoat pocket he carried that I have a proposition of the trousers and an overcoat buttoned tightly at the throat. In his waistcoat pocket he carried that I have a propositions of the trousers and an overcoat pocket he carried that I have a propositions of the trousers and an overcoat pocket he carried that I have a proposition of the trousers and an overcoat buttoned tightly at the trousers and an overcoat buttoned tightly at the trousers and an overcoat buttoned tightly at the throat. a pair of rusty forceps to extract teeth and also a quantity of powders. These were of two around me.

Once he was called to a case where a woman

sleep like a baby. right. The woman asked how much was to pay. The doctor named his fee. The patient thought All my friends speak of the change in my and ask me what I have been taking.

knows, is infectious. The young woman in turn yawned. Her jaw again went out of joint, re- I can highly recommend Paine's celery ec pound, and for those who are suffering from over promptly paid.

The doctor's pony was known for its leanness. It is said he tried to feed it as he fed himself—entirely at other people's expense. The only thing he was ever known to buy for it was a said he was ever known to buy for

manity in general when I find a medicine that

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President would be if the presidency were an hereditary office. A defeat at the polls tomorrow will be a disagreeable interruption to any control of the presidency were an only established advertising physicians in this cit is a second of the polls to posed policy, but the kaiser is no more called upon to change his ministry in consequence than our President to remodel his cabinet when the election of the House of Representatives is overwhelmingly against his policy, as it was,

ATTORNEYS. CAMPBELL CARRINGTON,

ACCOUNTANTS.

broke up over the army bill. What alliance to-morrow's voting will bring no one can say. The vote of the Prussian rural districts stands pretty solidly by the government. Outside of